I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.
King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I dye.
King. Cosin throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.
Bul. Oh heaven defend my soule from such foule sinne.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in this high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be ready to direct these hom

Scæna Se

Enter Gaunt, and Dut

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had
Doth more solicite me than yo
To stirre against the butchers of
But since correction lyeth in th
Which made the fault that we
Put we our quarrell to the will
Who when they see the houres
Will raigne hot vengeance on o
Dut. Finds brotherhood in t
Hath love in thy old blood no
Edwards seven sonnes (whereo
Where are seven vialles of his sa
Or seuen faire branches springin
Some of those seuen are dryed b
Some of those branches by the
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, m
One Viall full of *Edwards* sacre
One flourishing branch of his m
Is crack'd, and all the precious
Is hackt downe, and his summe
By Envies hand, and Murders b
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thin
That mettall, that selfe-mould t
Made him a man: and though
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou
In some large measure to thy Fa
In that thou seest thy wretched
Who was the modell of thy Fat
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is
In suffering thus thy brother to

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